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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1934

A Thought for Today

For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.—Hebrews, 2:18.

When devils will the blackest sin put on, they do suggest at first with heavenly shows.—Shakespeare.

Myles F. Connolly

The passing of Myles F. Connolly, one of Waterbury's oldest residents, while it had been more or less anticipated for some weeks back, still comes as a shock to his many friends and relatives, whose number are perhaps as many as few have had the distinction of possessing. Myles F. Connolly could possibly come as near as anyone ever has had to being properly listed as an "old-timer" in Waterbury. Coming to this city back in 1869, shortly after the Civil War, he has practically been identified with the city through a period of sixty-five years.

Myles F. Connolly for a half century or more has been at one time or another actively connected with both politics and fraternal associations in Waterbury. He only told the writer of this editorial not more than a year ago that he possessed the happy distinction of having voted the democratic ticket for over fifty years and was still voting it although he had what was perhaps the unfortunate distinction of never being elected or appointed to public office during that long term of service to his party. Yet he did not complain. That was Myles F. Connolly—happy, jovial, a boon companion, well met.

Again, Myles F. Connolly enjoyed the unique distinction of having been the first deputy grand knight of Sheridan Council, K. of C. Had he lived until next May he would have had the added distinction of participating in that organization's golden jubilee. He was also numbered among the city's outstanding leading Elks and was prominently listed in many other fraternal organizations past and present. In a word, Myles F. Connolly was a real citizen of which any city could be proud.

Myles F. Connolly just fell short of attaining the grand old age of four score years, for had he lived until next December he would have reached the ripe old age of eighty. His pleasant and ever affable presence will be missed by many, both young and old in Waterbury, for Myles F. Connolly numbered among his host of friends and acquaintances not only those of his own day and generation, but the younger generations as well. It was this happy disposition that tended to keep him young and it was this disposition that endeavored to a city-wide affection very seldom extended to any single man. Waterbury will miss Myles F. Connolly as will those near and dear to him for many days to come.

Why Worry?

If the reports now being received at Washington are correct, Great Britain is about to try to reclaim her old position as undisputed mistress of the seas. The British admiralty, it is said, has concocted a plan for naval expansion under which Great Britain would add very materially to its fleet, especially in light cruiser strength. There are several reasons for this.

To begin with, the British are worried by developments in the Far East. The European situation, likewise, is far from reassuring. Looking on a troubled international horizon, the British are beginning to feel that they need more ships, and it is hard to blame them. In addition, the nation now is in better shape financially than has been the case for years. It could support the cost of an expanded naval program; indeed, it could take thousands of men off the dole and put them to work in the shipyards, thereby making that cost less than it would appear on paper.

Now the part of this which especially touches readers in the United States is the effect that a new naval program might have on American naval policy. If Britain builds a new fleet, what do we do? Do we build ship for ship with her—thereby, because our requirements are so different from hers, acquiring a lot of light cruiser strength that we don't especially need?

Do we let the naval treaties lapse and go ahead with a free hand, building what we choose? Or do we simply give up the idea of naval parity, let England build whatever she wishes, and go along very much as we are now? Before answering those questions, we ought to look at the international situation with extreme care and ask ourselves just what we expect to do with our navy.

Have we any reason to suspect that we may want to use it against Great Britain? Is there any indication that such differences as may arise between the two nations can't be settled peaceably? Is it, in short, a vitally important thing for us to have a fleet able to meet the British fleet on even terms? Unless the answer to each of these questions is an emphatic "Yes," there is small sense in getting disturbed about England's decision to expand her navy.

New England From The Road

"There's something about New England, after all," confesses a middlewesterner with some prejudices against that section, returning after a driving trip. "It's so neat and green. Why, it's almost like driving for a thousand miles through a park."

He speaks with new appreciation of pleasant cities and towns; of unexpected cleanliness and order in rural villages; of houses looking new in their coats of white paint, though so old that Americans farther west would have torn them down and rebuilt them—in worse styles—three or four times over; of fine roads winding gracefully through wooded hills; of farms well-kept, though small and poor; of the lack of rubbish and litter which so often disfigure an otherwise lovely American countryside.

He finds in farmyards a characteristic difference between New England and newer sections. In states farther west he has been accustomed to seeing from the highway a sad succession of tumble-down buildings along with new ones. The farmer puts up a new barn and lets the old one stand till it slowly sinks into the earth. It is often the same with houses, the old one rotting near the new. New Englanders, he says, either clear away their abandoned buildings, or else keep up and use the old ones forever—he isn't quite sure which.

As for the general scenery, he is amazed at the trees. The eastern states are well wooded. Between cities, the country almost everywhere seems thickly forested. He wonders whether it is a region of abandoned farms reverting to forests, or whether it was never so densely populated as he thought. In contrast, the Middle West seems full of people and almost treeless.

The Bostonian of today has a life expectancy at birth 17 years longer than he would have had 100 years ago. Some one has been comparing Boston's vital statistics of the 1930's with those of 1830. He found that in the former years, death rates of people in their twenties and thirties were treble the 1930 figure. The death rates for people between 20 and 50 have been reduced since 1830 far more than the death rates for infants. The only age group which fared better in the old days in Boston was that from 60 on, but there were fewer persons who reached that age and they had to be pretty hardy to do so.

A reason for redistribution of population and cultivated areas, quite apart from the economic and social benefits, is set forth by Hugh Hammond Bennett, director of the Federal Soil Erosion Service. The first settlers and the pioneers who conquered the whole region between the oceans acted upon the common belief that cutting forests and creating tillable areas would be wholly good. It now appears that they carried the idea too far.

Some American cities report surprising health records. That is, in physical health. The mental health records might not be so good. The worst ravages of business depression are on people's minds for the most part.

Kansas farmers are making the best of a bad business by feeding their turkeys on grasshoppers, but there doesn't seem to be any crop you can raise on chinch bugs.

When Mr Common Citizen cracks down, quarreling industrial groups who "have nothing to arbitrate" soon change their minds about it.

"Men cry peace, peace," but there is no peace when statesmen preach hate.

So They Say

Passionately attached to peace, we will never disturb anyone else's peace.—Premier Gaston Doumergue of France.

If public opinion is against anything, there must be changes, because public opinion is always right.—James J. Doolittle, new leader of Tammany Hall.

There is nothing so comic as (Postmaster Farley trying to pose as a Puritan.—Col Theodore Roosevelt.

If there is any one phase of medicine which predominantly demands study for the benefit of mankind in the coming century, it is that concerned with the mind of man rather than with his body.—Dr Morris Fishbein.

The only solution for unemployment is the development of new industries as a result of scientific studies.—Joseph S. Ames, president, Johns Hopkins University.

Selected Poem

GOING FOR WATER

(Robert Frost, in The Springfield Republican)

 The well was dry beside the door,
 And so we went with pail and can
 Across the fields behind the house
 To seek the brook if still it ran;

 Not loath to have excuse to go,
 Because the autumn eve was fair
 (Though chill) because the fields were ours,
 And by the brook our woods were there.

 We ran as if to meet the moon
 That slowly dawned behind the trees—
 The barren bushes without the leaves,
 Without the birds, without the breeze.

 But once within the wood, we paused
 Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
 Ready to run to hiding new
 With laughter when she found us soon.

 Each laid on other a staying hand
 To listen ere we dared to look,
 And in the hush we joined to make
 We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

 A note as from a single place,
 A splash of light that made
 Now drops that floated on the pool
 Like pearls, and now a silver glade

DAILY ALMANAC

High tide at Millford, Friday, July 27, 12:34 p. m. daylight saving time. Low tide 6:29 a. m., daylight saving time.

All vehicles must be lighted not later than 8:45, daylight saving time.

At Least Until The Weather Gets a Little Cooler



Daily Washington Merry-Go-Round

 BY DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN.
 Authors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "Mere Merry-Go-Round"

Inflationists Revive Agitation for Further Dollar Devaluation; Committee for the Nation and Farmers Want Gold at \$11.34 Per Oz.; Promoter Proposes U. S. Finance Steel Mills in Latin-America; Detroit, Bound by Red Tape, Seeks Increased Grants from P. W. A.

Washington, July 26.—The currency inflation clamorers are at it again.

The committee for the nation, which went into deep alliance after the dismal flop of its Wirt Red-revolution scare, has started up its manographing machine and is once more pouring out a hot stream of inflation clamor.

The bombastic fulminations of Senator Elmer Thomas about the European junking of Governor George L. Harrison, New York Federal Reserve governor, were part of this revived agitation.

The drive will really warm up when the president returns to the White House.

Its immediate objective is to prevail upon Roosevelt to jack up the price of gold to the maximum permitted by law—\$41.34 an ounce.

The committee for the nation warns that unless this further devaluation of the dollar is consummated without delay repudiation of private and public debt is inevitable.

NEXT CONGRESS

What the inflationists really are aiming at is the next congress.

When it convenes the administration will be confronted with the great problem of devising ways and means of paying the recovery bill, plus various large sums for further public expenditures. That this last will be necessary, no one in authority doubts.

Two alternatives will be open to the government: (1) increased taxation; (2) inflation.

Currency inflationists are made up of two elements: the higher bracket income class, such as the Committee for the Nation, who are opposed to devalued money; also the debt-ridden farmer and middle class, who are opposed to devalued money; also the debt-ridden farmer and middle class, who can't afford new burdens. Both are hating the thing done via the inflation route.

Untied they make a well-nigh irresistible force. They forced concessions from the president (the Silver Purchase bill) last session. There is every likelihood they will do so again.

CAPITAL CHAUFFEURS

Nine Washington taxi cabs are operated by women. For the most part they are wives of disabled drivers carrying on their husbands' work. In one case the wife drives a cab 12 hours, her husband the other 12 hours round the clock.

Asked if many women drive their cabs at night, one young chauffeur replied: "No, only the older ones."

STEEL IN JUNGLE

A project for the expansion of the American steel industry to Brazil and Mexico was placed before Secretary Hull and U. S. Banker George Peck last week.

The plan is to erect giant steel mills in the jungles of these two countries, take advantage of their rich iron ore deposits.

Sponsor of the idea is Charles F. Perin, who plans across a similar project in the jungles of India.

Horoscope

By OCTAVINE

Do not be too hasty in the A. M. for it inclines one to be rash, thus causing accident. The early evening dinner hour is much better than average. It would be a good time to entertain or take out your best girl. Yesterday's adventure, some spirit hasn't entirely passed so it would be well to observe conventions.

Today's Birthdate

You should enjoy making a study of insect life, either for a profession or hobby. The last of April and the forepart of May, 1935, may bring frequent changes, which you probably won't appreciate at the present time. Guard your finances Oct. 16-25. Danger Sept. 3. Socially favorable Aug. 19.

dia. Perin seeks a loan from Peck's Import-Export bank in order to develop the mills.

Whether he succeeds or not his proposal is important because of one thing. Someday, even someone will build steel mills in South America. This marks the beginning of the industrialization of those areas, the near day when it will be increasingly difficult to sell them American manufactured products.

HOW TO GET IT

Over \$500,000,000 is now available as government loans to private industry, big and little. The job of getting one may not be easy, but here is how to go about it.

1. Applications must be made to the regional Federal Reserve bank, or to the local branch office of the RFC.

2. Borrowers must furnish adequate security and an audit of their business, made within the past six months.

3. Loans will be granted only for working capital needs, and not for new, or enlarged equipment.

4. In the case of the RFC, loans cannot exceed \$500,000.

5. Borrowers must prove that they were in business on January 1, 1934, and that they are complying with the NRA.

6. Large fees are barred to negotiators of such loans.

MONOLOG

Of all the municipal clamorers for P. W. A. funds, Detroit Mayor Frank Couzens, son of Michigan's multi-millionaire senior senator, has been the most vocal.

The auto city has received only \$100,000. Young Couzens claims this is far below what Detroit is entitled to. Secretary Ickes agrees, but says local red tape is solely responsible.

"It's sometimes wish," he remarked, "that all local statutes could be abolished. Then maybe we could terminate some of these incessant dialogues between municipal authorities and the P. W. A."

A Book a Day

What An Island Did To An Odd Family

By BRUCE CATTON

"Rumor of Heaven," by Beatrice Lehman is one of those novels in which you go uptoeing about with the greatest delicacy, conscious that you are reading something that is pretty artistic, but vaguely that somebody would tell you just what it is all about.

It being by telling about one of those queer, isolated families of which European novelists seem so fond. A literary gem, set in a remote English farmhouse. They have three children and then the danger goes balmy and has to be taken away.

The father, whose mind is also beginning to get a trifle fuzzy, brings up the children by himself. The youngsters are likewise an odd lot. The oldest girl is practically normal, but the boy is definitely headed up Quaker street and the third child, a girl, is a cripple who spends most of her time conversing with the people in Jane Austen's novel.

Into this group, then, there comes a brawny explorer from the South Seas. He has found a fabulous island there—the kind you dream about, where climate and scenery are quite perfect and there are neither natives nor obnoxious insects.

He wants to found a colony there. But nobody will believe there is such a place—no, except the members of this very odd family. And to these folk this rumor of an earthly paradise is a profoundly unsettling thing. In different ways it upsets the applecart for each of them.

It all makes a delicate little novel; charming, often enough, but frequently a little too precious for ordinary tastes.

Published by Morrow, the book sells for \$2.50.

"How is the Detroit dialog progressing?" he was asked.

"Dialog?" Ickes replied.

"That's no dialog. That is a monolog on the part of Detroit."

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Current widespread labor disturbances have not changed the administration's policy of feeding strikers. Unless the Labor Department notifies it that a strike is unwarranted, the FERA makes no discrimination between strikers and other idle workers.

You can't keep a good man down. Minnesota's Farmer-Laborite Representative Francis Shoemaker, ex-convict and stormy petrel, who was recently defeated for a senatorial nomination, now has decided to try for another term in the House on an independent ticket.

A verdict of not guilty in a federal prosecution does not remove a defendant's finger-prints from the files of the department of justice. The fact of the acquittal is noted on the record, but the finger-prints are not removed.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" was a work "unduly neglecting seven million German heroes in order to give prominence to a few cowards who may have been in the army." Modern music also found little favor with Dr. Goebbels.

He quoted to his audience a remark made by a famous German musician:

"Why should I listen to bad modern music when there are so many excellent works which I do not yet know."

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Press Comment

NO MORE BAREFOOT BOY
(New Haven Journal-Courier)

What ever happened to the country boy with bare feet? Time was when he decorated every rural summer scene. The country dweller did not see him as in any way a poetical figure; the barefoot boy with cheek of tan was an integral part of the routine July landscape.

Like Tansy and Bouncing Bet, like brown constalks after the drought, like the jug of flip under his ivies, the wall which buoyed the farmer up for the day's haymaking, but he has gone from the scene now. His sons and grandsons wear leather or canvas the year around.

And it's a pity, too. To be sure there are such things as rusty nails and stone bruises, poison ivy and white sheets to be ruined by badly underdressed peddlers at the market. But so were there in the good old days. And there were, further, in those days, three months' yearly of unhampered foot development, area, more important the tap of cool waters against ankles and cool mud oozing through the toes, and the fleetness of feet unhampered by cloth and soles. It is all gone now and a sad thing, too. The whole twentieth century juvenile world seems to turn sissy on our hands—or rather on its feet.

TOURISTS COMING BACK

(New Haven Journal-Courier)

One swallow does not make a summer nor does one tourist make a summer resort boom. But our agreeable though restricted wanderings along the Connecticut shore have convinced us that many tourists are coming back through this right little state.

Many hundreds of them are stopping by the shore. It is not the license plates, those multicolored territorial tickets, which prove the point. A genuine recovery in summer tourists business is on the make.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

(From The Toronto Globe)

A farmer turned into his gate recently and met a tramp coming out. The tramp, greeted by a friendly "Hello," mistook the farmer for another wanderer in quest of a meal. "Say, mate," the tramp confided, "don't go in there. The cooking's not up to much!"

Questions And Answers

 by
 The Democrat's Washington Information Bureau

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

You can get an answer to any unanswered question of fact or information by writing to Frederick M. Kerby, Question Editor, The Waterbury Democrat, Washington Bureau, 1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., enclosing THREE cents in coin or postage stamps. Replies do not use postal cards. Medical and legal advice cannot be given nor can extended research be made. All other questions will receive a personal reply. Letters without name or address cannot be answered. All letters are confidential. You are cordially invited to make use of this free service as often as you please.

THE EDITOR

Q. What is steepest railway in the world?

A. The cable railway from the base to the summit of the highest peak (1515 feet) of the Beacon Mountains in New York.

Q. When is it 12 o'clock noon, eastern standard time in the U. S. what time is it in the Union of South Africa.

A. Seven p. m.

Q. Who is private secretary to Frances Perkins, U. S. Secretary of Labor?

A. Frances Jurkowitz.

Q. Did Andrew W. Mellon serve in the War with Spain and does he receive a pension for such service from the federal government?

A. He did not serve in the war with Spain and receives no pension of any kind from the government.

Q. When were Indian Head one cent pieces first issued?

A. 1859.

Q. What does it cost to mail a letter from the United States to Russia?

A. Five cents for the first ounce or fraction and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction.

Q. Give the address of former Mayor James J. Walsh.

A. Dorkins, England.

Q. What is the mail address of O. Reatty, the wild animal trainer?

A. Care of the Hagenbeck-Wallace-Circus, Peru, Ind.

Q. Is common law marriage legal in Illinois?

A. No.

Q. When was Christina Queen of Sweden? What were her chief characteristics?

A. She was born December 8, 1626, and died the throne upon the death of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632. Until 1644, she reigned under a regency headed by the Chancellor Oxenstierna. She died in Stockholm in October 1680. She was notorious for her amours but was generally a benevolent ruler.

Q. Which country led in exports and imports in 1932?

A. The United States led in exports having 12.8 per cent of the world's exports and Great Britain led in imports with 15.3 per cent of the world's imports.

Q. If you want a copy of our bulletin "Learning to Cook," write to the Waterbury Democrat's Washington Bureau, enclosing five cents in postage stamps.

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In New York

BY PAUL HARRISON

New York.—Go to the Fulton fish market if you want to cover the waterfront. For there a couple of blocks along South street and the East river encompass all the sights and sounds and smells—certainly the smells—which are the sea as we think of it. The working day begins with dawn. Fishing boats hug into the docks from Gloucester and Nantucket and Nova Scotia, and by 5 o'clock they're unloading. Thousands of fish, tons of fish; opalescent halibut, gray shrimps, striped bass, lethargic lobsters. Soon browned seamen are sprawled on the docks of the ships, which have nice names such as The Four Sisters and the Mary Anne. Before 7 o'clock the long stalls are piled high with fish, all arranged on counters, cool and glistening. A bell rings at 7 o'clock, and the market is open to the buyers.

Cat Banquet

They rush in, very businesslike, and move among the stalls pinching the fish just as housewives would pinch the butter. The sellers wear big rubber boots and rubber coats, and stand around with notebooks calling out orders in code. "Y. O. W.," one will yell. Or "Two hundred blue, twelve eighteen." Some of the men sort lobsters according to size; others shovel shrimp and scallops. Men with big knives wield them deftly, one doing nothing but slice off great chunks of swordfish, guessing almost to the ounce each time.

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